

him to do his utmost. An attempt was made to arrange a consultation some days before the trial, but as a matter of fact Mr. Cock was not seen until about half an hour before the case opened at the Central Criminal Court, on May 30, 1889. Ernest Yizetelly accompanied his father, who was now in very bad health indeed. Mr. Cluer introduced them to Mr. Cock, and a conversation took place in a room adjoining the robing room at the Old Bailey. At the first words, Mr. Cock declared there could be no defence. He did not pause to argue. It was plain he wished to dispose of the case as quickly as possible. The defendant, said he, must throw himself on the mercy of the court, that was the only thing to do. Henry Yizetelly, who had come to the Old Bailey expecting something very different, was overwhelmed by this intimation. The blow was a *coup de massue* for him, and at first he could say nothing. His son, likewise very much amazed, and, in particular, disgusted with this blustering barrister who threw up the sponge at the moment of going into court, tried to interject a few words, but was curtly silenced. There was nothing, nothing to be done, so Cock, Q. C., repeated. Under the circumstances he might have returned, the extra fee which had been sent him to

induce him to
make a good fight, but he never did. There
was, however,
one course that he was willing to take when
he saw the
distress of his ailing old client. He offered
to ascertain
what would be the result of a plea of "guilty."
To Vize-
telly's son that seemed a strange course to
pursue. He did
not like hanky-panky or aught suggestive of it.
However,
Mr. Cock rose — he was a fat, unwieldy man,
with a startling,
red face — and rolled out of the room. Whom
did he actu-